

FLOUR and FLOWERS OF SULPHUR

Whale-Oil Soap and other Insecticides *For Sale by*

E. O. PAINTER FERTILIZER CO., Jacksonville, Fla.

to care for and improve his stock; he is learning to concentrate his power, his education and his energy to make a fertile farm more fertile, to make a profitable crop more profitable, and he is doing it. He has better markets and better profits than ever before. He lives better, he dresses better, he has more comforts and more money, which he spends where he will. As a customer he is better satisfied and more easily pleased than the city shopper.

Advantages of the South.

Do you appreciate the advantages of the south? According to a writer in Coleman's Rural World they are many and varied. There is but little, if any exaggeration, in the story that he tells. But fortunately, most of our farmers are more enterprising than the one that he met. They may work harder for their money but they get more real enjoyment from its use. The letter was written from Pensacola. But all that he describes as being done along the Gulf coast in Georgia and Alabama, can also be done quite as well, in some respects better, in this state.

Were the farmers of the south country to devote half as much time to the profession as the tiller of the soil in the middle states, he would have to build cribs to hold his money, whereas the northern farmer builds cribs to hold his corn that is fed out to live stock during seven months of the year. Here on the Gulf coast live stock have pasturage for ten long months. One good stock paper edited along your line would do more for the south, if you could get the "Cracker" farmer to read it and follow its teachings, than a lump sum of government bounty as large as that voted in the Panama Canal Purchase. Happily there is no politics in the Gulf country—all the votes go one way and therefore there should be more time for work in the diversified ways of making a living, yet there is no intensive farming and the towns are ahead of the agricultural communities. Many old plantations have gone to waste in the interior, though there is a fringe of new settlements in nearly every county. The cause for this neglect in agricultural pursuits is not from lack of fertility or due to non-productiveness of the soil, but is based on the fact that there is little occasion for laying away supplies for the winter.

Something is growing all the time. Stock live in the open the year round, whereas, if they were sheltered from the chilling rains of January and given feed they would emerge from the so-called winter of parched grass fat and sleek. The range cattle are fat as moles at this time. They are practically starved part of the winter, and in spring the "Cracker's" cattle will be only stacks of bones. Lumber is about the cheapest commodity in the country, and slight shelter could be had at a nominal cost. Nearly any kind of feed can be grown and turf oats and rye make the finest winter pastures when grass has grown yellow.

Take the one illustration of how

they don't do things; I called on a native farmer, who seemed to live very comfortably, and asked him as to the extent of his operations. "How many acres have you in cultivation?" I asked. It seemed to me he puffed on his pipe ten minutes before he replied: "Wal, about thirty, I guess." Then I asked him in detail and found that he had ten acres of cotton that yielded almost a bale to the acre; one acre of cane that produced 300 gallons of molasses, which he sold for 45 cents a gallon; five acres of ill-tended corn that produced about 25 bushels to the acre; a few acres of oats that were cut and fed in the sheaf, quite equal to the best Indiana oats. He had a few acres of upland rice that yielded equal to any of the irrigated crops, but had made no effort along that line. He had two acres in Irish and sweet potatoes. The Irish potatoes he sold for \$1.00 a bushel, and the sweet averaging about 100 to 250 bushels to the acre, sold for 85 cents to \$1.00 a bushel. He will have a second crop of Irish potatoes this fall. With a garden crop, this was all he had. You see how careless he was when he said he had thirty acres in cultivation. The homestead had been in the family a generation or two, and he had never burned out 25 per cent of the stumps. His house had never been painted and he had lived in it for 25 years. "Really hain't never got around to hit where I hed the time to paint hit, but will some day," he said. I spoke of the shallow plowing and the lack of crop rotation and the need of proper fertilization. I found that he fertilized every year by putting the manufactured fertilizer in the hill with the seed. After I had quizzed him a while he turned and said: "See here, if you all lived here you'd do jest like I do after while; you'd make money so easy you'd all set 'round and smoke your pipe and swig a julip in the shade, in place of workin' so hard. I make a sight more money than eny of yur farmers up thar north on a 200-acre farm. Over thar I have a lot of piney woods cattle and wild hogs; I have 500 to 1,000 sheep that bring me a profit of \$500 to \$1,000 a year in wool and increase."

"Well, why don't you band up the sheep at night and protect them from wild dogs and hogs, and watch to see that the eagles don't get among them at lambing time?"

"Wall, now, stranger, jest you figur' out how any of you fellers can make more money than I do and as easy, and I will try your new fangled plans. I have a daughter in the classical school at Pensacola and a boy in Tulane Medical University at New Orleans. I kin draw my check for \$1,000 at the bank."

Then I went up in Baldwin county, Alabama, ten or fifteen miles out from this city, and I found a German from Racine, Wis., who had raised 450 bushels of early potatoes, and the best I had ever seen, from three acres of newly cleared land. He said he had paid something like \$10 an acre for the land, and spent sixty days clearing this small tract. He had planted \$4 worth of his poorest potatoes to the acre and used \$15 worth of fertilizer. Of course he had made money, for he sold his crop in this city at \$1 to \$1.30 a bushel. He was

a poor man when he came south a year ago. He had been working for other settlers and therefore had not done much on his own account. He had crossed up the native big frame sheep with breeds from the north, and now has a start for fine flock of sheep. "The sheep never have anything the matter with them, and I will make a lot of money out of my flock," he remarked. Then I learned what few people know, that the raising of Angora goats is getting to be a still better industry on the Gulf coast; that their hair is used for fine wraps for ladies, for plush car seats, and that the animals go to the Chicago and Kansas City stock yards by the thousands as goats and come to you northern people over the butcher's block as mutton. These goats are the best things the farmer can have to clear up the land.

This coast country provides a future source of supply for the north in fruit and garden truck. There are miles and miles of peach orchards in south Alabama where there were only stumps of long-leaf pines a short time ago. But let me remark that the work of improvement is being done by men from the north, and there is a world of work yet to be done. There is some peril in the fact that many of these lands are being bought by large syndicates and prices are being advanced rapidly. It should also be borne in mind that there are many sections without any clay sub-soil, where nothing will ever be produced, but it is my observation that there is fortune, also health here for millions of people who will never have anything of their own if they remain in the north.

As to native stock: The cattle are a poor lot, descendants of an old Spanish strain, showing a breed of over a hundred years and further damaged by being crossed with Jerseys, so that they are a nondescript lot, from which the earth should be relieved. Once in a while you will find a man who has brought in thoroughbred Herefords from below the quarantine line and made a success in crossing the native cattle, and doubled the size of calves at weaning time. Herefords are the favorites, because they are the best rustlers and never grow wild on the range. It is told as by authority that several of the big packers have their agents picking up the best grass lands in the south for future grazing. The local demands in all southern cities are now supplied with dressed beef from Kansas City. Most of the native hogs go to Cuba. The Cubans want just that sort of a hog. Some of these razorbacks would be formidable foes if you were to meet them in the woods; they can run like greyhounds and leap across fallen logs without any difficulty.

Recently I drove across the southern tier of counties in Alabama and was struck by the sturdy corn. In no other sections had there been such a change from cotton and hell to corn and prosperity as in this tier. The corn in many cases will average 50 to 60 bushels to the acre. The cotton is fine but weedy, and in most cases injured by the heavy rains of the late summer, and neglected from the great lack of labor.

The negroes are leaving for the north by thousands and there is a

scarcity of farm labor. The government statistics show that last year 60 per cent of the crops were raised by white labor, and this year the percentage will be eighty. There also is a scarcity of carpenters and builders, and the question is, why thousands of working men north, thrown out by the recent strikes, do not go south. Measured up alongside the average "Cracker" farmer, the latter the best natured, and most honest men I have ever met, the laziest man from the north would be a paragon of hustling vigor and enterprise.

The next conclusion that I would draw is that the building of the Panama Canal is starting a revolution in the south in manufactures and in agriculture and I believe there will be more immigration to the Gulf coast next year than at any time in the history of the country. Most certainly there is great need of new blood. The south has great opportunities, but is not taking advantage of them to the fullest.

Neptune, Fla., June 16, 1905.

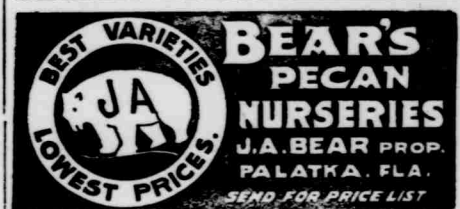
E. O. Painter Fertilizer Co.,
Jacksonville, Fla.,

Gentlemen:

I may send a box of grape fruit to N. C. Wambolt. My fruit is grown on flat-woods land where most people here told me I could not grow anything in the CITRUS LINE. The fine quality of fruit is due entirely to Simon Pure.

J. Thomas Ziegler.

P. S.—If you offered a prize for Kumquats I reckon it would be mine. Since using Simon Pure on them they are much finer in flavor and color than they were when I used
J. T. Z.



JERSEYS! Combination and Golden Lad

For sale: 9 cows, 9 heifers, 21 bulls.

S. E. NIVEN, Landenberg, Pa.

FOR SALE

Six hundred and thirty acres of land near Cotton Plant, part of which is rich hammock, part cleared and fenced and has been cultivated in truck crops during the past year. This land **will be sold at a bargain** if sale can be made before January 1.

Price and particulars on application.

E. O. Painter
DeLAND, FLA.